

Edgefield Advertiser.

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties; and if it must fall, we will Perish amidst the Ruins."

VOLUME XII.

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BY WM. F. DURISOE,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

NEW TERMS.

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POETRY.

THE DEAD WIFE.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be.
It never through my mind had passed,
That time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee shouldst look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain:
But when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou hast left behind;
And now I feel as well I may,
Dear Mary, thou art dead.

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been.
While e'en thy cold bleak corpse I have,
Thou seemest still my own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

I do not think where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
In thinking of thee.
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

WOLFE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A FEMALE CRUSOE.

Off the coast of Alta California, about two degrees distant, bearing nearly west from Point San Pedro, which is in the latitude of 33 43 N., and longitude 118 14 W., will be found a small island, called by the St. Nicholas. This island was formerly inhabited by an indolent, idle, and almost entirely upon fish, which they caught from the rocks, and muscles, which they found in the sands of the beach. They were a listless, quiet race of beings, who seldom had communication with other of the human family, and who had but few wants and fewer cares.

About the year eighteen hundred and eighteen or twenty, the Russians, from their settlements at the North, landed on this island a party of Kodiak Indians, for the purpose of hunting the sea otter, which at that period, abounded in those waters. This party remained on the island for more than two years, and were the means of sowing the seeds of disease and contention amongst its unsuspecting and unsophisticated inhabitants.

Some ten or twelve years after the departure of the Kodiaks, this tribe had become diminished to about twenty or thirty individuals, when the Governor of the department of California sent over a small vessel and removed them to the main.

In the last boat which was embarking with the last of this people, (some six or eight perhaps in number,) to convey them to the vessel, which was to carry them from the home of their nativity forever, was one of the tribe, small in stature, not far advanced in years, and his dusky mate, then in the bloom of life. The order had been given to shove from the shore; the oars had dipped in the wave; the boat was rising on the foaming surf, then breaking on the beach with awful roar, when with the impulse of the moment as it were, this young and blooming bride of the red man, the imprint of whose footsteps had been the last left on the sands of her island home waved an adieu to her chosen mate; plunged into the abyss, "strove through the surge," and, in another moment, stood alone on the shores of her native land. She turned, to give the last lingering look to her departing helpmate; and then gathering round her form the flowing mantle, wet by the ocean wave

in an instant disappeared forever from the sight of her astonished and sorrowing companions.

The vessel weighed anchor, spread her canvass; and in forty eight hours, this remnant of the inhabitants of San Nicholas were landed on Point San Pedro, houseless and forlorn.

From that period to the present—if she be not dead, or has not left within the past eighteen months—has resided alone, on the Isle of San Nicholas, this female Crusoe, the monarch of all she surveys. She preferred to part even with her chosen mate, and sever every human tie that could be binding, rather than leave the home of her birth—that lonely little Isle, that had been to her a world, which she cared not to exchange for the abode of civilized with all its promised luxuries.

Since our Crusoe became the sole monarch of the Isle, San Nicholas has been visited perhaps ten or twelve different times, by different individuals; but there she has continued to be found, with none to dispute her right—alone solitary and forsaken.

Her dress, or covering, is composed of the skins of small birds, which she kills with stones, and sews them together with a needle of bone and the light sinews of the hair seal; sometimes found dead amongst the rocks. Her only food is a shell fish, of the muscles species, with now and then a still smaller fish. She never remains long in one spot; but is constantly wandering around the shores of the island, sleeping, which she seldom does, in small caves and crevices in the rock.

During the few last years, it has been very difficult to obtain any communication with her. At the approach of the white man she flees, as from an evil spirit; and the only way to detain her is by running her down, as you would the wild goat of the mountain, or the young fawn of the plains.

Those who have seen her at the latest period report that she appears to have lost all knowledge of language; that she makes only a wild noise, altogether inhuman; and when taken and detained against her will, becomes frightened and restless; that the moment she is liberated she darts off, and endeavors to secret herself in the wild grass, or amongst the rocks which hang over the never ceasing surf.

Every endeavor has been made, and inducement offered, by different individuals, to prevail upon her to leave the island, but in vain.—The only home she appears to desire, is her own little isle. Her last hope, if she has any, is to finish her journey alone. She has no wish now to hear again the sweet music of speech. Its sounds are no longer music to her ear—and as for civilized man, his tameness is slinking even to her dormant senses.

To all appearance, she is strong, healthy, and content to be alone. What can reconcile her to her lot, who can conjecture? Humanity may hope that contentment may continue to be hers, to the last hour; for she is destined to lie down and die alone, on the cold shore of her isolated home, with no one to administer to her last wants, and none to cover her cold body, when the spirit shall have left the clay.

But the story of our Crusoe's chosen mate, the companion of her early life, has yet to be told.—He saw her for the last time, as we have stated, when she stood alone on the shores of her Isle; when the boat with himself and his companions was dashing through the wild surf, and broke in uninterrupted succession against the rocks which encircled the resting place of his fathers, and which he was then leaving forever. When the remnant of the family from San Nicholas, our hero was landed at Pedro and there left, with the others who had accompanied him, to find a house in the land of strangers.

San Pedro, it may be known, is a bleak, barren, bluff point, running out into the blue waters of the Pacific, on which no verdure is to be seen, and but one solitary abode of man, rising amid the desolation which surrounds it. The Pueblo de los Angeles is situated ten leagues distant, with one farm house between the one on the point and those of the town. The mission of San Gabriel lies yet farther on, some three or four leagues, where in that time, might be found, perhaps three or four hundred converted Indians.

But our hero as he may be called, never left the beach on which he was first landed. Alone and friendless, there he remained, an isolated being, till life ceased to animate his frame. True it is that several times he was induced to venture as far as the Pueblo, and even the mission of San Gabriel; but he always, as soon as at liberty, returned and resumed his old station on the beach, or peak, or fixed himself on the rocks

which hung around the point. And there he might always be seen, a solitary outcast, as it were, and more constantly when the sun was going down, with his eyes gazing on that celestial orb as it sunk into the western horizon, a direction which he well knew pointed to the lost but never forgotten home of his nativity.

With difficulty he sustained the wants of nature by fishing about the rocks gathering muscles, and sometimes receiving a scanty pittance of corn from the house on the point, or a few pence from a passing stranger.

He studiously avoided, as far as possible, all intercourse with his fellow men; and sought to live and die in solitude; and so did he continue to live a life which manifestly appeared a burthen to him, till one morning as the sun rose, not two years past, his body was found on the beach a stiffened corpse, stretched out, and bleaching as it were, in the white foam of the surf, which was thrown about his lifeless remains as the mighty wave broke on the shore.

It is presumed his death was accidental—that whilst searching for shell fish in the night, amongst the cliffs, he must have fallen from an eminence, and thus terminated his solitary existence.

Correspondence of the N. O. Bee.
Head Quarters U. S. Army of Invasion,
Victoria, Mexico, Jan. 5, 1847.

Gentlemen:—I wrote you a hasty note from Monterey, on the evening of the 22d ult., and intended to have written again the next day, as an express came at that evening from Saltillo, but the hurry of preparation for the march down here, prevented me, and I put it off with the view of sending it from Monte Morales, at which place unfortunately, Gen. Taylor sent off his express before I got in.

Gen. Taylor and all his officers feeling perfect confidence in the ability of Gen. Butler to maintain his position at Saltillo against any force, and judging that the Black Hawk at Monterey would keep all safe in that quarter, the bugle was sounded early on the morning of the 23d, to take up the line of march again for this place, and between 7 and 8 o'clock the columns were in motion, all being assured that nothing but the defeat of our forces would again cause them to retrace their steps. The rest, on Monday and Tuesday, was of great advantage both to men and horses, but the effect of the forced march from Morales was quite apparent.

Col. Harney, of the dragoons, did not start with us. He was ordered on the morning of the march to proceed to Saltillo, and take command of all the mounted men, including dragoons and Arkansas and Kentucky cavalry.

After a twelve days march over a lovely and picturesque country, and to the right of the Sierra Madre mountains and within a few miles of them, we reached Victoria yesterday, losing a large number of mules and horses on the road, from disease and overwork.

At Mount Morales, we overtook the supply train of Capt. Sibleig, and a train of wagons just from Camargo, with provisions. From this place Col. May with a topographical engineer and two companies of dragoons, left us on the road, and proceeded along the foot of the mountains to ascertain if there were any passes we were not advised of. A pass was found between Linares and Morales, and with great difficulty the command got through it by leading their horses as it is reported so narrow, that but a single horse could make any head way. Some of those who were with the expedition represent the scenery as being the most magnificent that was ever beheld. On one side of the pass there is said to be a perpendicular ascent of 600 or 700 feet, with the rock jutting out a foot or more all the way up, and the opposite side of it runs up to the same height, though with a gradual slope. The scenery all around looked wild in the extreme sense of the term, and to use the language of one of the dragoons, some of the peaks of the mountain looked so high, that the Mexican eagle has not the courage to build its nest there. After examining the pass and the nature of the country beyond it, the command began to retrace their steps, and the main body by pursuing the same course they did at first, got safely back on this side of the mountains. The rear guard however was not so fortunate, and none but the Lieutenant and Sergeant got through. What misfortune befel them, and how it happened had best be given publicity to, over the signature of Capt. May, as he has promised to hand it to me before closing my letter. He has placed the Lieutenant under arrest, and is very much mortified at the loss of his men.

At Linares, we found out the government of Mexico had \$3800 in funds

there, and it was demanded from the Alcalde by General Taylor. That functionary stated that the money had been taken away by a government officer, but he was still ordered to produce, and he complied by paying \$1000 himself, and muling the merchants of the town out of the residue. We had paid very near \$1000 to the people for forage, mules and horses, and little et ceteras, most of which I presume came back in the \$3800. Every night of the march, immediately opposite our encampment, a fire was lighted in the mountains, and I have no doubt at all but they were intended as signals to show our whereabouts on the road.

Victoria is, altogether a very pretty place, and larger than any town I have seen except Monterey. General Quitman's command have been here since the 29th, and were the first Americans to enter the town. The Baltimore battalion were in the advance and their flag, which was christened in Monterey, now waves from a two-story house in the plaza. The Mexican cavalry were moving before General Quitman for two days before he got in. They were at the hacienda of Sanlen Gracia in the morning, and our troops were there in the evening. It was the same way at the Caballero rancho. There were about two hundred here in all, and some of them left the town on the evening of the 28th, and the remainder the next morning, but they were seen on the mountains by our men, after they had encamped, and all the little "tackies" were saddled up to pursue them, but night came on, and it was of no avail. They knew very well that there was no cavalry along, and hence their daring in showing themselves.

The rear of Gen. Twiggs' division had not got out of town yesterday on route to the river, before the advanced guard of Gen. Patterson had entered the plaza. He left twenty miles this side of Matamoros on the 24th, and must have marched very near as fast as we did to get there. He was not aware that the place was occupied by our troops, and desired to plant the first American standard in Victoria. His command consists of the Tennessee cavalry, the 3d and 4th Illinois infantry, two companies of artillery, and one of sappers and miners. The division was accompanied by a supply train, which with the company wagons made near 300.

The simultaneous arrival of the two divisions made quite a show, and every thing around wore a martial appearance. The people of the town, less reserved or less timid than usual, came into the streets, and to their windows, in great numbers, and looked as though they thought the thing was up with Mexico, as our columns marched through the square. Neither division knew the whereabouts of the other and their arrival at the same time was not anticipated.

To feed all the horses and men that are now here, it will require untiring exertions on the part of the Quarter-Masters and their assistants. The greatest difficulty will be in providing for the horses, although up to this time we have had no difficulty in obtaining forage from the enemy, for which we now pay them one price—60 cts. for corn, and at a proportionate rate for fodder. This is the price we paid on the route from Monterey, and thus far we have continued it here. But the demand will soon swallow up what is in the vicinity, and then we will have to look for it from some of the depots on the Gulf.—Should we remain here for any considerable length of time, it would be advisable to land supplies at Soto la Marina, a port at the mouth of the river of the same name, 65 or 70 miles from this place. But it is not probable that we shall remain here, for the Mexicans will not come to us, and if we are not going after them just now, convenience as well as economy demands that we should be nearer the sea board.

Gen. Scott has signified to Gen. Taylor his intention of taking command of this wing of the army, and I think he will move it to Tampico, when he gets ready, and from there, the only prominent place presented in "my mind's eye" is Vera Cruz. It has been talked of very much by Gen. Taylor lately, and some of his officers say he dreams of it. I believe I told you before that he said, to the General Government, that if they would send him 6000 troops to Tampico, he would march to that place with 4000 of those now in the field, and would after adding them together move on to and attack the city of Vera Cruz. If our troops do not go there, where will they go beyond the Sierra Madre? The movement down here argues forcibly enough to me that a march to San Luis Potosi, by the way of Saltillo has been abandoned; and we have recently learned that it is almost, if not quite impossible to approach that place with

wagons and artillery from this quarter. In fact, here San Luis Potosi is not talked of at all, and every person is of the opinion that the contemplated expedition to that place has been entirely abandoned. We have been advised here that the Mexicans, in fortifying Vera Cruz, have dug a large number of ditches in the town, and the one at the outer edge is represented as being 15 feet deep, with the same width. If I understand Gen. Taylor's idea of attacking the town, and I have heard a number of officers speak of it, it is to be done entirely by storm, taking with him the means of crossing the ditches. As he is willing to stake the laurels he won in May and September last on the result, I have confidence enough in the man to wish him to undertake it, alone or as the right or left bower with Gen. Scott.

Gen. Scott's arrival in this city does not give, by any manner of means the general satisfaction, not that the man is unpopular with the army, but that a desire prevails to see the man who commenced the war and who so fortunately carried it on thus far, make a finish of it. I should have been pleased to have seen him at the head of affairs at the start, for I believe he would have had the army better appointed than it was, but since it has succeeded so admirably with all the inconveniences attendant, I am willing now to trust it to the end under the same guidance. In the first place, Gen. Scott would have demanded and received more men before leaving the Rio Grande, well provisioned and equipped in every particular. He would have made the government furnish such things as were necessary, nor would he have moved until he had received them. Gen. Taylor, on the other hand, knowing that his troops could not be whipped and not wishing to get at loggerheads with the powers at Washington, preferred the use of leaden to the paper bullets, moved on when the time arrived, to do the best he could. Gen. Scott would have been less obedient to the dictates of the soothing or conciliatory system pointed out by President Polk, and would have taken the responsibility of discriminating. Having the means he would have followed up his victories, and following them up, would have caused the enemy to cry quarter long ere this. I would not for the world be understood as saying or hinting anything prejudicial to Gen. Taylor by the comparison, for he has not only whipped the enemy wherever he found them, but has attempted to do a far more difficult task—that of carrying out the views of the Administration, and I only think Gen. Scott would have done better because I believe he would have acted as his own ideas of policy dictated.

January, 6th, 1847.

As I failed to obtain from Capt. May the account of his adventure he had signified his intention of furnishing me, I am forced to the necessity of giving it as I heard it from the officers and his men. After he had retraced his steps through the pass with the main body and proceeded several hundred yards, he heard a rumbling sound behind him as if large stones were being rolled down the mountain. He immediately went back in the direction, and shortly met the Lieut. and Sergeant of the rear guard of whom he demanded "where is your rear guard?" The Lieutenant answered that they were near, but on turning to look for them none but the Sergeant was to be found. The whole command then proceeded towards the pass again, and came up to it without finding anything of the men, but they found a large number of loose stones, that they say had been hurled down from the perpendicular side of the mountains, and traces of blood in several places. They then went through the pass, and travelled several miles, but could not discover any traces of the men, although they heard that a party of Americans had gone through a little village, but it was not said whether as prisoners or not. A few shots were fired from their carbines at persons on the mountains, but they did not reach. Capt. May seems undecided whether these men have been carried off or not.

Two mails will leave here to-morrow, and Heaven knows when another will start. One will go by the way of Monterey, and the other to Tampico. The latter will be only an express mail, if I can get my letters in 1 will.

I feel very certain to day that Vera Cruz is the aim of the commanding general, and I should not be surprised if we were on the march to Tampico in a few days. In counting up the number of horses to-day, for which forage is required, the number was 3528, and it takes to feed them daily 882 bushels of corn besides fodder, and this of itself will be of great inducement to get nearer shipping, as we will soon eat out every thing in this vicinity.

From the Savannah Republican.
THE COTTON CATERPILLAR.

We cannot too earnestly recommend to all those engaged in the culture of cotton, the letter of the Hon. Thos. Spalding, which we publish this morning. It contains strong internal evidence that he has hit upon the only true method of arresting the scourge which has so often in these latter years blighted the hopes of our planters. If this insect still lingers about the cotton fields, ready to awake when spring advances, and commence the work of another season's ravages, it is all important for planters to know it, that they may on their part put in operation a regular system of destruction. Use of little use to plant the seed, if the attacks of the caterpillar are to be renewed each year. If a night of the most intense cold such as we had two or three weeks since, does not destroy these insects, it is too clear that intense heat must do the work.

Correspondence of the Sav. Republican,
APELO ISLAND, Jan. 22, 1847.

Gentlemen:—Some letters have appeared in the newspapers respecting the caterpillar surviving the winter, either in the butterfly or in the cocoon, or chrysalis state. The sole objection I can have to such letters is, that they may lull the planter into repose, and prevent him from using all the vigilance he would use in destroying the caterpillar by fire, either in its egg, in its chrysalis or in its butterfly condition.

While in Savannah recently, my back managers found in the grass, along the roads and around the fields, many butterflies of the caterpillar species.—My daughter's driver found suspended to the grass, in his fields, several of the cocoons or chrysalis quite alive, which he brought to the house, not knowing I was away.

These are facts I give, because I wish every planter from here to Texas to burn up and clear around his fields, as far as his convenience will permit.

That it should be doubted for a moment that the caterpillar might survive the winter, is only wonderful when all analogy would have confirmed the fact.

The silk-worm lays its eggs in May; these eggs are preserved on paper or cloth until January, and then to prevent too early hatching, placed in an icehouse—no cold injures them.

The cut-worm so destructive to our Indian corn crops from Maine of Texas, does its work of ruin from April to June, according to latitude. When its work of mischief is over, it too becomes a chrysalis; buries itself in the earth not more than an inch deep. Many of them come out as flies, but many of them remain the year round in this condition, to be exposed by the plough or hoe in the winter or spring, waiting to the search of birds that we often owe the preservation of our Indian corn crop.

After fifty-three years of cotton culture, and after more losses than any other planter in the United States has sustained by caterpillar, I believe the last hope of staying the plague, must be found in fire. First clearing up and burning around our field—fires lighted up in every field, as far as possible, of every dark night, as soon as the caterpillar make their appearance in any part of the country, however distant; for they come truly life a thief in the night, and they fly like the candle moth, (which they greatly resemble,) to the light. A single moth destroyed in the spring by fire, may stay the destruction of millions before the month of August or September.

Respectfully, Your very ob't serv't.,
THOS SPALDING.

Hints to Ladies.—The art of selecting colors, which suit the complexion and general style of the wearer, is not generally known among the ladies. The following hints may be useful to them.

"For fair haired or dark, haired ladies, those colors which produce the greatest contrast are best. Thus for fair hair, sky blue is very becoming.—Yellow and orange tinted by red are becoming to ladies with black hair, and violet and bluish green harmonise with the blackness of hair. Rose color should never be put in actual contrast with a rosy complexion, because the latter loses by the comparison; it should be separated with white lace, blonde, or if a cap or bonnet, by locks or hair. Pale green is exceedingly becoming to pale complexions; it makes them appear rosy, but is unfavorable to ruddy faces, for it makes them too red. Violet should never be used for fair complexions, except of a very deep tint, for contrast. A violet dress will make a fair complexion look green, and a yellow one, orange, which is bad for all complexions. Dead white, such as calico, is good for fair complexions, but